

FRIENDSHIP:

A

P O E M.



1752

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By JOHN KINGSLEY.

*Celestial Bliss ! descend
And bless our lower Sphere :
Let Angels downward thee attend,
To sweetly join us here.*

*Earth then will be as Heav'n !
And all around be love ;
This Blessing but to Man be giv'n ;
He'll vie with those above.*

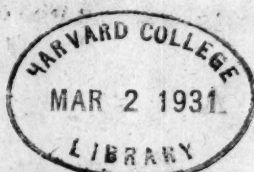
*Thy Love to me was wonderful ! passing, &c.
1 Sam. i. 26.*

L O N D O N :

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Castle fund

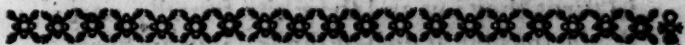
BY JOHN KINGSLER

L O N D O N



FRIENDSHIP:

P O E M.



YE Twin-born souls! come listen to my lays,
And here solace yourselves with virgin-bays:

What's that I see! on yonder rising hill,
Two happy fav'rites by that christial rill;
Dividing joys and sorrows in their turn,
Striving to please—For to oblige they burn—

They

They near approach, they wave upon my sight,
 And fill me with an infinite delight !
 Their heav'n on earth is surely here begun ;
 O happy Two ! thus intimately * One.

Now let me place me in this rural green
 To listen silent what doth pass between, }
 In pleasant ambush, near, and yet unseen. }

Delightful fight ! O how such souls are wrong'd ;
 O that our island round with such were throng'd !

How they repeat their griefs ! each grants his tear,
 Alternately rejoice, now join in pray'r.
 Each soul for each, and now their ties renew ;
 Such well-knit friendships here there are but few.
 Nor to effeminacy are inclin'd ;
 But each displays the true, the manly mind.
 † Each soul could melt and mingle in the others ;
 Their joys and pains are felt, as if two brothers.

In turns they joy and shew the friendly part ;
 “ While in their age they differ, join in heart.”

Are

* A person being asked what friendship was ; answered,
 A Oneness of disposition ; a sameness of spirit ; or ano-
 ther I.—See *Moral Virtue Delineated*.

† An expression borrowed from that excellent Piece, *The
 Refin'd Courtier*.

Are sunk in love ; in soul are closely knit ;
 Embrace as Jonathans, and none to Let !
 O blissful souls ! I you do envy now,
 What would I give to your sweet yoke to bow.

See now they praise and now exult in God ;
 Ah blessed footsteps ! where such souls have trod.

Pretending ones ! ye ne'er the like can know,
 Than those delights that in religion glow !
 Nor half the bliss that from this fountain flow.

Hence you are off when trouble is at hand ;
 But these in ev'ry trial firmly stand !
 Though sharp distress should level to the floor,
 Or beck assistance to the prison-door :
 These are the times that bring him to the Test,
 That prove him so superior to the rest.
 Though he should suffer in his character,
 He notwithstanding will the Friend prefer.

But to return unto my former scene,
 You this may look on as a pleasing dream,
 But 'tis not all idea ; this I've seen.

They

* I know not why poems should not run in the channel
 of virtue or piety rather than not, if we value our
 morals, for no friendship can be true and lasting, but
 what is founded upon the love of HIM.—I appeal
 to Experience.

They now return—approach this silver stream,
And O! the energies that pass between!

The scalcely wantons here are gliding by,
And leap for joy such blifs for to espy.
Here crown'd with verdour, all around them green
This rosy spring-tide-morning all unseen;
Except by me and by that Lord of Day,*
Darting a glimmer with the softest ray.

It now them greets; it glows to see their love,
But O! what Light o'er-shading from above.
Angels descending from their blifsful seats;
For souls retiring, Gabriel he greets }
And thus acofts them as he gently meets. }
(Hail twin-born souls, as fav'rites of your God,
We now have come from yonder blest'd abode.
You to inform its thus in heav'n above,
Proceed with all the energy of love!
We're now beck'd upward, we must take the skie,
We envying saw you from the realms on high.
We flock around such thrice-blest'd happy souls,
For such seraphick hearts in pleasure roles.
Adieu!)

The airy-choir sit thick thro' all the grove,
And yield their musick for to charm such love;
While ev'ry flow'r around its scent displays,
And ev'ry kindly breeze the same conveys;

And

* *The sun,*

And them refreshes in their rural shade,
Which seems for friendly converse to be made
By nature's art, thro' him that rear'd the skie,
Who nothing that is good will us deny:
Then ask you this, there'll more to you'll be giv'n,
And then you'll find you've even ask'd a heav'n.

David and Jonathan thinks I are here,
They me perceive. But, sirs you need not fear }
Reply'd I swift! for 'tis a Friend that's near.
Hail, hail, said I, I hail your happy hour,
Would not have interrupted, had I pow'r.
I you perceiv'd exulting in your God;
O that, thought I, men had such fav'rites trod.

I could no more!—forgive,—I hail you both,
Tho' thus for to intrude was very loth.

* It all was well, was thousands standing by,
They'd all a-been as welcome as was I.
Ah! sirs, said I, where is such friendship now?
The world is loath to its sweet yoke to bow.
O pleasant yoke! that thus can make men one, }
Refreshing sight! and like the rising sun,
Yet speak the word dread Being, it may be done. }

We then discours'd how happy men might be,
But this men think is for eternity.

Not so, said I, my heav'n shall here begin,
And when life fails, am sure to enter in.

B

They

* *Their reply as by way of dialogue.*

They then may say as once a lady wrote
 On one before that this would so promote:
 " 'Twas he that rescued sacred friendship when
 " The bell toll'd for its funeral with men.
 " 'Twas he that made friends more than lovers burn,
 " And then made love to sacred friendship turn."
 Then hail again, ye twin-born souls, go on;
 Forget not David and his Jonathan.

Tho' men deny such friendship now can be
 Unite and force them for themselves to see.

That such it is, or the beloved John;
 His Darling's fav'rite's breast did nt lean upon.
 I mean his Saviour's*. He his Fav'rite had
 The sweet retreat of both; was either sad,
 Here pour'd their sorrows, here their joys imparted,
 Enough to win here-to the hardest hearted.

† What greater mis'ry can befall a man
 When in distress, and ne'er a Jonathan!
 I'd leave to those who in a gloomy day,
 For want hereof (do make themselves away).

To vent their minds to in their sore distress,
 Then to some David see you have redress.
 A fellow-mind will bear the burden well,
 Or tongue cannot express the pangs you'll feel!

If

* Its remarkable that friendship was sanctified by Christ.

† The use.

If you reply where shall I any find:
 The world is faithless! where betray my mind:
 Make trial somewhere—it implore of heav'n;
 And nought that's good but unto you'll be given.
 'Twill ease at least your poor, your drooping mind;
 Give, give me then this glorious thing to find:
 For Ours is gone! occasion'd by the fall
 Took wing and left us; and its bliss withal
 But this too now is purchas'd—it but crave,
 And this sweet soothing pleasure you may have.
 'Twill ease your griefs, will all your sorrows free,
 A second paradise we then shall see.

For what a charming thing it is,
 How soul-refreshing for to see,
 Whae'er's your mind, that too is his,
 With whom in friendship you agree.

Its odours are diffus'd around,
 Blissful effects are from them found.
 Of all the gifts from heav'n above,
 Descend on me, friendship and love.

* Their times apart, what I fears they bring
 When each appears what bliss doth spring,
 Both down when each asunder are:
 Met!—joy all around perfumes the air!
 Though parted well they scarce can be,
 (Present in mind eternally)
 Yet absence it will bring them pain,
 Till presence crowns their bliss again.
 † Either drops, how ghastly is the wound;
 Known but by those that this distress have found.

B 2

'Tis

* The consequences.

† Of anxiety.

*Tis so my friends reply'd, they are thus hearted;
 They then did turn aside, so kindly parted;
 Wishing that others but the like would raise,
 They might be happy throughout all their days,
 They then would drink into the purest stream
 That ever mortal eye before had seen.

Nor have they any eye on things of sense,
 But how 'twill be when they are hurried hence.
 Their being mutual keeps it from decay,
 Or mourning they will send This pearl away.

|| Who, who's for sacred friendship then,
 So sunk among the sons of men;
 Who more than lovers thus might purely burn,
 Your love to such a sacred friendship turn,
 Nor fear the tongues of stand'rous men,
 But smile when they'd such souls condemn.

Seraphick firs! you as the blest'd may twine,
 This heav'n on earth in thee (dread being) be mine.
 Then draw us up unto thy blest'd abode,
 Rising on pinions till we're lost in God!

+ If then you'd happy live and happy end,
 Seek for the mutual comfort of a friend.
 There pour thy griefs, thy sorrows all convey,
 'Twill turn thy midnight-darkness into day.

Our

* A reply.

|| The reflection.

+ The conclusion.

* Our mingling woes, will all our sorrows end;
 Ye winds then waft me to that pearl, a friend.
 Ye heav'ns indulge and aid my feeble pray'r,
 I only crave it here on earth,—as, there!
 If you deny, what good shall my life do me:
 Convey, send down this blissful prize unto me.
 And Him these arms, these greedy arms shall twine,
 Send, send this gift unto me so divine.
 It then shall be enough—I'll ask no more,
 And sunk away in each, we'll each adore
 The great, the sov'reign Ruler of the skies,
 And thro' the world proclaim thee great and wise.
 In thus providing for our happiness,
 In suff'ring worms to thee to have redress.

Dread Being hear!—the blessing down convey,
 Tho' sunk in woes, 'twill all around be day.

Ye things of nought, then that to it pretend,
 Throw off the hypocrite, and take the Friend.
 Then we shall stand with navel force girt round,
 And ev'ry daring fiend amaz'd confound!
 We need not then dependents to be chang'd,
 With such dependents in well order rang'd;
 Britons give ear! you thus may stand your shock,
 Need nothing fear tho' all the globe should rock.

Drunk

* Read Watts on Friendship, Lyric Poems, and particularly his Poems on Gunston.

Drunk with the treachery it now furrounds;
 Be wise ye illes: this, this alone confounds.
 O sacred tie! I grasp thee in mine arms,
 None like such Jonathans secures from harms.
 Ask David else, when in his rural field;
 If ought like theirs such safety e'er can yield.
 Ye happy minds permit me you to greet.
 Indulgent heav'n, grant us this pearl to meet.
 Then guard us round as with a flaming sword,
 And make us like as to a three-fold cord.
 This nervous union it must wall us round,
 With this most sacred tie may we be crown'd.
 'Till join'd we rise and wing the bliss'd abode,
 And wrap confounded all our souls in God.

And now if this you wou'd more fully prove,
 Then learn the art of God and man to Love.

Ye things of nought, then that is pretend,
 Throw off the hypocrite, and take the friend.
 Then we shall stand with navel force gut round,
 And ev'ry daring hand amaze'd confound!
 We need not then dependents to be chang'd;
 With such dependents in well order rang'd;
 Bimons give ear! you thus may find your shock,
 Need nothing fear tho' all the globe should rock.

S. I N I F

Drunk

* Read Watts on Friendship, Love, Power, and Justice.
 chiefly his Poem on Grief.